

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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NOVEMBER 14, 1920

## The Street in the Sheep Pasture.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

### Chapter Five.

IT was so still that the party on the deck of the "Florence Way" could plainly hear the sound of the quietly working saw which was to set the vessel free. Flounce felt a lump rise in her throat as she waited. There was something thrilling in the scene—the quiet shining river with soft clouds reflected in its blue depths, the silent village on the high bank, the hushed gazing crowds on the shore, and underfoot that quiet thing of wood and steel that was about to "come alive."

Suddenly the deck seemed to slip forward, the "Florence Way" trembled and began to move. Slowly at first, then faster and faster she slid from the ways and floated clear. Once in the water, she wavered an instant, then sprang forward.

Rosamond, who had seen a good many launchings, looked suddenly frightened. She knew that the little vessel should have been brought gently to rest as soon as she was in the river. The channel was narrow, but many a larger ship had been launched between these high banks and brought up safely within barely her own length from the starting-point. This time something had gone wrong. Before any one knew what was happening, the "Florence Way" had sped across the river and smashed into the opposite bank with a force that threw them all in a heap.

There was a moment of wild confusion. Men were running and shouting. Captain Thorne came springing down a ladder from somewhere overhead. The crowd on the shore broke into excited cries and made a rush for the boats that lay all along the water's edge. For a moment it seemed as if the little vessel had wrecked herself before she had had time to "come alive." She shivered, staggered away from the bank, and the deck slanted under their feet as she listed sharply.

But she righted again and the fallen party scrambled up. It was Nick, who after one glance around asked sharply:

"Where's Rosamond?"

Rosamond had been standing nearest the rail, looking out for Snowflake, who as usual was trying to squeeze herself into all sorts of places where she had no business to go. Blinn was the only one who could have answered Nick's question. He had seen the last vanishing flutter of a pink dress as it went down the ship's side when the shock threw them all off their feet. And he had gone over the rail so

promptly that he had already plunged out of sight in the big waves that had been churned up by the rocking vessel. They saw him come to the surface and strike out toward a gleam of pink that drifted on the water not far away. By the time the boats reached the scene he was keeping the girl's head above the waves. As the men lifted her into the boat Blinn made another dash at something in the water. The crowd on shore laughed and cheered as they made out what it was—a fat white lamb badly frightened but still in her right mind. For the second time Snowflake had proved that she would be a pretty swimmer, but that her soft fleece was inclined to get heavy with water.

When Rosamond opened her eyes to find them all grouped around her on the shore she sat up and looked about till her eyes fell upon Blinn, who was getting his breath back and squeezing the water out of his sleeves. Several of the neighbors from the Lane had gathered around, among them Chad Ellis and the Raymonds.

The shepherdess pointed her finger at her rescuer. "Take notice, Nick Lightner, and all of you," she cried, "that he is good for something besides the 'ornamental business.'" Then she added under her breath to Florence, "That first night, you know, I thought he was too much afraid of getting his hands dirty and his clothes mussed up, but I guess I was mistaken."

They went home feeling rather blue at the way things had turned out, though they knew they ought to be thankful that it was no worse. In the evening Captain Thorne came up the lane to tell the Ways that Rosamond was all right, and then he cheered them up still more by telling them that the vessel could be repaired in a week so that there wouldn't be a scratch on her. He had a long talk with Mother Way and they found he knew all Florence had told Rosamond about their former home and Uncle Reg's place in the Hollis School with the salary that was too small for "four extra ones and a dog," though they would all have been glad to live together.

"If there's anything I can do to help out," said the Captain, earnestly, "you musn't refuse to let me do it. When I think what might have happened if that boy hadn't been quick and gritty I feel as if I couldn't do enough in return. Nobody else saw the child go overboard in that flurry and she can't swim, though she is a sailor's daughter. She might have been past help before we found out and got to her."

As he took leave of them at the porch door he proposed something which they thought more than made up for all the trouble and disappointment they had suffered.

"The 'Florence Way,'" explained, Captain Thorne, "will make a little trip to Fan Harbor and back before she loads for her maiden voyage. Why shouldn't you and the whole bunch of youngsters go along with me and visit that brother of yours, Mrs. Way? We'll kidnap him if you say so and bring him back here for a visit. The Hollis School is to have a two weeks' vacation, they tell me."

It was the following Saturday and a beautiful autumn morning when they set sail for Fan Harbor. The "Florence Way" looked as trim a little craft as ever danced over the blue waves. Everybody agreed that the short trip was perfect, and if they had been going anywhere else they would have been sorry to step ashore. But when they sailed up to their pretty home city they were wild to get to Circle Street and kidnap Uncle Reg. However, they found it couldn't be done at present, for Uncle Reg was not at home in those four little rooms of his.

"Being Saturday, I shouldn't wonder at all if he is off to some teachers' meeting in the next town," Mother Way said. "I'm sure there is no Saturday session at the Hollis School, but you can run along and see while Dot and I wait here at the rooms to catch him if he comes back."

Blinn grumbled a little as they started down the street. "I wish Nick hadn't given us the slip," he



"Florence felt a lump rise in her throat as she waited."



said. "I wanted to show the old chap round a bit and introduce him to some of the fellows."

Nick had gone off with Captain Thorne as soon as they came ashore, which seemed rather queer since the young people had been counting all the way on his company in their kidnapping expedition. But at least they had Rosamond, and Flounce was eager to show off her new friend to her old ones.

It took them a long time just to get to the end of the street, for boys and girls were hailing the party from all directions, asking three or four questions a minute and trying to tell all the news at once. Rosamond laughed and her dark eyes grew bright with the fun.

"I've never had chums enough to suit me," she told Florence, "because we've never stopped in one place till lately. But I guess I shall have all the company I want if I go around with the Ways."

They reached the Hollis School at last, and then they saw that though it was Saturday, something was going on. It was a special school of science and perhaps some lecturer was here to-day.

"No, hold on, I know what it is," announced Blinn as they came up the walk toward the assembly hall, which was crowded full of people listening to the voice of a speaker inside. "Don't you remember the Hollis offers prizes in a kind of extension course it gives for students that live at a distance. When the course is finished the fellows that have done the best in each study get some money and sometimes a scholarship or something of that kind. Let's go and peek in. The door is wide open."

They went quietly to the door and edged themselves in among those who stood around the entrance. Then they looked and listened with their eyes very wide open, for the speaker was Uncle Reg and among the prize-winners who sat in a row at the back of the platform was Nick Lightner, his face rather long, and his hair beginning to stand up again after the severe smoothing-down he had given it.

They were still more surprised when Uncle Reg came down at the close of the exercises and explained matters to them, Nicholas Lightner had taken the chemistry prize, which was a small sum of money. Better yet, the School had lent a hand in getting him a place as student assistant in the laboratory at Lylehurst College.

"He's a splendid scholar," Uncle Reg declared. "We've had our eye on him for some time, since he graduated first in his class last year from Burleigh Academy at Stonyvale. I wonder you never heard me speak of Nick Lightner, but then you were pretty well wrapped up in affairs at your own school."

"Yes, of course I knew it, but I wanted you to find out for yourselves," Rosamond admitted when Flounce asked her why she had kept all this so quiet. "You were sure to like Nick anyway, and I knew you'd hear all about it when the time came."

They kidnapped Nick as well as Uncle Reg and carried them both on board the "Florence Way." On the trip home they found out something still more exciting. Uncle Reg was not coming back to Fan Harbor. After all, he was to live with

them, but in Apple Tree Lane instead of his four little rooms.

"I'm coming to Lylehurst College as assistant professor of chemistry," he told them. "Captain Thorne is one of the trustees, and he wrote to me, telling me of the vacancy. As my record at the Hollis School seemed to be all right, the College concluded to try me. So Nick will be one of my pupils just the same and I can live in the sheep-pasture with the rest of you."

There was great rejoicing in the old house under the trees that evening. Mother Way made a little feast, and they coaxed Captain Thorne not only to lend them Rosamond but to come himself. Nick came too, and the Ellises and the Raymonds walked up after supper. They had games and music, and Uncle Reg was surprised to find so much sociability in this out-of-the-way place which he had thought of as a wilderness of bushes ever since one dismal rainy day when he had come down here with Mother Way to look it over.

"But there were lots of folks in it when we came to find out," cried Flounce. "Why, we haven't had a lonesome minute since we first started to explore the street in the sheep-pasture."

"That's what the children call it," said Mother Way, smiling as she looked at Uncle Reg. "And really it's lively enough to be called a street."

"I'm just beginning to think that isn't the best name for it," put in Blinn. "When I think how slow it seemed that night we got here and what surprises we've had all the way along, I feel as if it ought to be called 'The Street of the Unexpected.'"

THE END.

### When the Stars Put Their Little Rompers On.

BY SADIE GERARD RUTHRAUFF.

WHEN the stars put their little rompers on

You never can see a sign of them,  
Though they're marching all the whole day through,  
Line upon line upon line of them.

But their rompers are blue and they match the sky,  
So probably that is the reason why.

Though they're marching all the whole day through,  
Line upon line upon line of them,  
They have their little blue rompers on,  
And you never can see a sign of them!

### Fun.

A river has a head and a mouth, but no feet. A mountain has only one foot, but it has ears. Oh, but yes! a mountain has ears. You've heard of mountaineers, haven't you?

American Boy.

First Little Girl: "Your papa and mamma are not real parents. They adopted you."

Second Little Girl: "Well, that makes it all the more satisfactory. My parents picked me out, and yours had to take you just as you came."—Chicago News.

### Jack Bets Against Thanksgiving.

BY BAYARD D. YORK.

ON Thanksgiving morning Jack Coleman dressed slowly, a deep frown on his face. His grievances seemed to surround and smother him.

"A fellow can't be thankful when he's nothing to be thankful for, can he?" he demanded aloud of the newspaper picture of the football team which was tacked above his necktie-holder—the team he had failed to make. "Can he? Can he?" he insisted in a dreary monotone.

He considered matters in some detail. In September his father had bought a house—prompted to this step by the increasing cost of rents. A house being in Jack's mind chiefly a place in which to eat and sleep, the fact that he liked the new house less than the old did not matter greatly; but the disadvantage of buying a house showed plainly on the occurrence of Jack's birthday in October, when he received a necktie and a pair of mittens instead of a repeating air-rifle, a dog, an electric motor, and a set of Cooper's "Leather-Stocking Tales," these being things which he had discreetly but plainly mentioned as being acceptable.

Just before moving-time his pet rabbit had died—from no visible cause.

"Seems as though he did it on purpose," Jack had gloomily told his special chum, Ted Peters.

Uncle Billy, who lived over in New York State and usually made a Thanksgiving visit that Jack looked forward to for weeks, had gone West this year on an extended business trip.

And just to cap the climax, his mother had invited as the one guest for dinner his cousin Agatha Prentiss. Cousin Agatha was a person of uncertain age and temper. She considered dirty ears an unpardonable sin.

"We couldn't afford to invite a lot of people this year," Mrs. Coleman had told Jack. "Cousin Agatha doesn't have much to make her life bright—I want you to be real nice to her."

Real nice to her! Jack looked out of the window, and scowled anew. The sky was faultless blue. It was going to be pleasant—just like a regular day!

And Ted Peters was going to eat dinner with eighteen cousins, aunts, and uncles!

"The biggest dinner and the jolliest time in this whole town," Ted had boasted, not realizing how mournfully these words would ring in his chum's ears.

Jack ate his breakfast stolidly, making little response to his mother's enumeration of the things he must do and the things he must not do in Cousin Agatha's presence. He fixed in his mind the list of forbidden acts. A rebellious imp within him was suggesting that it might discourage future visits by Cousin Agatha if he did them all.

It was at the end of two fruitless and disconsolate hours, spent in trying to fly a kite, that his father called him.

"Mr. Wilbur would like you to blow the organ for the Thanksgiving service," he said. "Something has happened to the electric power, and the sexton is ill. You've just about time to get there."

Jack did not even protest. A hopeless feeling came over him—this humiliation was but the logical climax to his downward course of unhappiness. He had pumped that organ before. He recalled that the Thanksgiving service always



ended with "America," played with the full organ. Suppose he should stop pumping in the middle of the song! But he did not even smile at this thought. His spirit was broken. He knew that he would pump on and on, to the end of the last resounding chord!

So far as Jack was concerned the service was a failure. Mr. Wilbur's sermon may have been a strong, inspiring discourse,—Jack was inclined to believe that it was,—but he had set his mind against receiving any possible good from it. As soon as the postlude was finished he tried to escape unnoticed.

But just as he was reaching the door, Mr. Russell, his Sunday-school teacher, caught him by the shoulders.

"It makes me thankful," the man said, "to know that we have a chap like you, with a pair of husky shoulders and arms, to save the day when the current goes back on us."

Mr. Russell was a keen-faced business man—and a loyal alumnus of the high school who gave up two afternoons a week each October to coach the football team. He had lost two fingers in the World War.

Al Pierce, another member of the Sunday-school class, happened to be standing near. Mr. Russell grasped his arm, and knocked the heads of the two boys together gently. Perhaps he noticed the gloomy expression on Jack's face.

"If you ever feel real grumpy," he said, a slight twinkle in his eyes, "just all out of sorts with everything,—you know, as if about a thousand red ants were crawling up and down your back,—try to make somebody thankful. It's a great tonic for the blues. Try it sometime. Try it to-day—before dinner. It'll make that mince-pie taste better."

And with a little chuckle he walked off. Jack walked home slowly. A change had come over his feelings. He had not been especially impressed by Mr. Russell's words, but the man's voice and chuckle gave his mind an impulse toward pleasantness.

He entered the house by the back way, casting an apprehensive glance toward the front rooms. His mother was hurrying about in the kitchen.

"I'm very late with dinner," she said. "Please set the table for me, Jack."

"Oh—I say!" Jack remarked. Setting the table was a task at which he always rebelled. He was firmly convinced that it was something which only a woman or a girl should be forced to do—he felt that it contaminated his mannish soul.

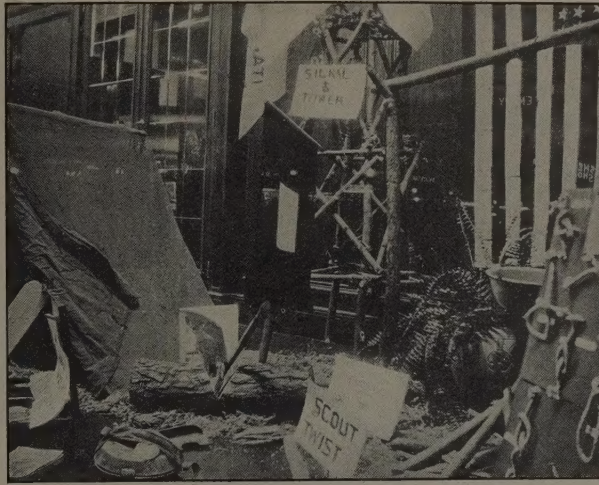
"If you would set the table once without grumbling," Mrs. Coleman remarked in a somewhat tired voice, "I would be thankful!"

Jack started. She "would be thankful." Mr. Russell's words flashed into his mind. "Try to make somebody thankful—it's a great tonic for the blues." He still felt "grumpy" and unreasonable, but his thoughts took a new turn.

"I'll take that bet," he muttered. "And I'll prove you're wrong, Mr. Russell!"

He shrugged his shoulders and went to the dining-room. As he placed the dishes and the silver he could hear Cousin Agatha's thin, high-pitched voice in the front room and—at rather long intervals—his father's low-spoken replies.

His task finished he went to the kitchen.



A "FIRST AID" WINDOW DISPLAY.

## Now If You Should Be Tossed On Some Lonely Coast.

BY FELIX J. KOCH.

REMEMBER the good old days when you used to snuggle into bed extra early, summer evenings, and feast yourself on the pages of "Robinson Crusoe," imagining your own self shipwrecked on a desert island, till mother, returning home from the neighbor's party, knocked on the door and ordered that that very instant you put out that light?

Many's the time since, you've liked to imagine yourself a castaway somewhere in such a wilderness; but, assuming you were, just what would be the first thing you would do?

Chances are that you and I and the most of us, taken unawares, could not answer!

Not so, though, the Boy Scouts of the Queen City of the West.

In fact, just recently they put up a replica of their first aid on such occasion in a leading store-window of Cincinnati, and it has aroused no end of very favorable discussion ever since.

His mother was going toward the cellar-door with a bowl and a fork in her hands.

"Want me to go?" he asked.

She glanced up with a smile.

"If you are willing to," she said. "I want some pickled peaches. I wasn't going to ask you, because I thought you had done enough."

At first the peaches, bobbing about in the dark interior of the crock, tried Jack's patience sorely—until suddenly he realized that this was an interesting sort of game. He speared away with vigor and zest until he had "captured" the required number of peaches.

"Don't feel any better yet, Mr. Russell," he maintained, as he set the bowl on the kitchen-table and turned toward the front room—but deep in his consciousness he was afraid that he did "feel better," a little better at least.

At the threshold of the front room he stopped and made a little bow.

"How do you do, Cousin Agatha?" he

The boys tell you that if there were trees of any sort they would soon cut timbers enough to build a signal tower. Tools along? Of course there'd be, for no Boy Scout would venture on any journey at all apt to bring him into such straits, without having certain inseparable tools along.

Then—and on a board at one side they showed the various kinds of loops and knots they would use—they would fashion rope out of vines, withes cut from saplings, or, if nothing better, bark.

With their little belt hatchets they would make notches; logs would fit together; cords would hold in place there; and by and by the signal tower would arise. Of course, from their own clothes if must be, they would crown this with a flag for help.

Every so often, then, the boys would scale this tower, scanning all the country round in search of friend, or perhaps even foe.

Perhaps they would carry dried leaves on a stone to the tower-top and then kindle a signal-fire there.

Meanwhile, if only out of their coats, they would pitch a tent at the base, where any possible stranger coming on them as they slept, attracted by the monster tower, would find them, of course.

The picture is of the unique little tower built by the boys for the exhibition aforesaid. It attracted so much attention, and thereby diverted so many people into the store granting the use of the window to this end, that the management is unanimous in declaring the exhibit one of the most successful it has ever held.

said. "I hope you are having a pleasant Thanksgiving Day."

"Well, there's no use to hope anything like that," she replied. "When a person has a digestion like mine and no relatives to speak of, a pleasant Thanksgiving is out of the question. Come here and shake hands with me, John—I'm that stiff with rheumatics I wouldn't get up for anything less than a fire."

Cousin Agatha had never sanctioned his being called "Jack." As he stepped forward and shook hands, his father remarked:

"The post-office is open now, I think. I wonder if you would be willing to run down for the mail. My feet are bothering me some to-day."

Jack looked down at his father's shoes. "Why don't you put on your slippers and be comfortable?" he asked.

His father smiled.

"Because they are upstairs and I am too lazy to go and get them," he remarked.





# THE BEACON CLUB



OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

WEST BARNSTABLE, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I have written once before in *The Beacon*, but thought I would write again.

Now I am a freshman in high school; it is something I have looked forward to for a long time. I am already looking forward to the time when I enter college.

I correspond with a number of *Beacon* writers. I think it a great deal of fun. I would be very glad to have some more correspondents and hope some will write to me.

Sincerely yours,

SIIRI HAKKARAINEN.

AYER, MASS.

My Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Ayer. Mrs. Barker is my teacher.

I am seven years old and I want to become a member of the Beacon Club.

I like *The Beacon*, and mother and I do the enigmas.

While I was in the Philippines I went to the Post Sunday school.

Sincerely,

HOUGHTON B. PRIEST.

Jack turned.

"I'll get them for you," he said.

"My soul a-living!" exclaimed Cousin Agatha.

At the post-office Jack took the letters which the clerk gave him and stuffed them into his pocket. As he started back he whistled a little—then he stopped.

"I'll own up, Mr. Russell—I'm losing that bet," he murmured. "But—"

He had made his mother thankful; he had made his father thankful. As a proper climax it now devolved upon him to render his Cousin Agatha thankful.

"Aw—it can't be done!" he thought.

He was still considering this baffling problem when he entered the house and handed the letters to his father.

"Do you know, Henry," Cousin Agatha said suddenly, "it just about took my breath away to have this boy of yours offer to get your slippers for you and then run cheerfully along for the mail. It makes me feel thankful to know you have a son like that."

Jack breathed a sudden sigh of relief. He had made her thankful without knowing he was doing it!

"Did you look at these letters?" his father asked.

"Why—no," Jack answered.

"Well, one of them is for you."

"For me?" Jack took the letter and looked at it in surprise. "From Denver," he muttered. Who do I know in Denver?"

He tore the letter open.

"Uncle Billy!" he cried.

And he read:

Dear old Jack-of-the-Beamstalk:

Wish I could be pulling your ears to-day! Go easy with the turkey and mince-pie—that is, don't eat more than you can hold.

I'm going to wind up business out here in a few days now so that I can surely drop over your way for Christmas—and when I come I shall bring something that will make your eyes pop clear out of your head.

Too bad you lost out for the team—but

MAIN STREET, DIGHTON, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. I have not missed a Sunday for four years.

I am very much interested in the stories of *The Beacon*. I also like very much to read the letters of the members. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. If any of the members of the Club would like to write to me, I would be very glad to answer.

Yours sincerely,

LINDA GORDEN.

1663 HAYES STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am eight years old. I have a baby brother who is five months old. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club. I go to the Howard Presbyterian Sunday school. My teacher is Miss Gillen. My Daddy brings me home *The Beacon* from a friend of his and I enjoy reading the stories.

Yours truly,

GLADYS ZOEBB.

Other new members of our Club are Marianna McAfee, Boston, and Thelma Stewart, Littleton, Mass.

remember you have two more years more. You'll make it yet.

Well, Jacky-boy, listen for a dull thud when I strike town on December 24.

Regards to all.

Affectionately,

UNCLE BILLY.

"Whee!" Jack exclaimed. "Uncle Billy's a brick!"

"Dinner is ready," Mrs. Coleman announced.

Jack turned. The mince-pie was going to taste good! As he waited, politely, for Cousin Agatha to limp past him, he glanced out of the window.

"I lose the bet, Mr. Russell," he thought.

"It's a good prescription—'make somebody thankful!'"

## Sunday-school News.

AT Ann Arbor, Mich, the school is being reorganized under the direction of the minister, Rev. Sidney S. Robins, and the work carefully graded. An effort was made to increase the attendance during the first month by offering a prize to the boy or girl bringing in the largest number of new pupils.

Rev. Ernest J. Bowden, minister of the church at Milford, N.H., has prepared for use in his "Junior Church" an order of service which is based on the form of ritual in use in some lodges. The seats of the schoolroom are arranged in the form of a square, with a sentinel stationed at each of the four corners. As directed by the superintendent, these sentinels lead the school in the responses, announce the hymns, and at the close of the session answer certain questions which are designed to impress upon the pupils their duties as members of the home and of the school. This order of service has been found helpful in interesting the older boys, while the younger children are also impressed with the dignity of the proceedings.

## RECREATION CORNER.

### ENIGMA XV.

I am composed of 20 letters.  
My 4, 5, 6, is the name of a forest tree.  
My 13, 10, 9, comes from maple-trees.  
My 20, 12, 8, is to strike.  
My 19, 17, 1, is what we do with a knife.  
My 15, 10, 8, is a small animal.  
My 16, 10, 1, is something you wear.  
My 2, 17, 13, 8, is to give pain.  
My 3, 10, 7, 8, is one of the points of the compass.  
My 11, 10, 1, is a small animal.  
My 14, 17, 6, is a small house.  
My whole is the name of our church.

JOANA BERNICE NICHOLS.

### ENIGMA XVI.

I am composed of 16 letters.  
My 2, 3, is a personal pronoun.  
My 4, 10, 11, 12, is a portion of the earth.  
My 16, 15, 7, is the beginning of a flower.  
My 1, 5, 6, is a number.  
My 13, 15, 16, is a young animal.  
My 8, 11, is an article.  
My 9, 3, 5, 14, is a part of one's foot.  
My whole is a well-known Unitarian club.

ARTISS DeVOLT.

### MISSING WORDS.

Complete the following sentences by supplying in all of them the one missing word, which must in every case contain the same word of four letters:

1. He handed the matter over to his .....
2. They are building a large new ..... store.
3. What kind of a bird is that? It is a .....
4. The ..... in which he sat was well furnished.
5. I think most children are fond of going to .....
6. The two places are not far .....
7. Her ..... was a surprise to me.
8. I tried to ..... to him the knowledge I had gained.
9. We wish you all to ..... in this affair.
10. I have not yet heard any ..... about this.

E. S. W.

### PL.

Eht dlibs hatt vile dourna rou moeh  
Rae rou rute sendrif thoh yad nad thang;  
Na low draugs ni rou teer ta skud  
A der drib swake su whit eht glith.  
*Sunday-school Advocate.*

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 5.

ENIGMA X.—The Unitarian Campaign.  
ENIGMA XI.—The Pilgrim Tercentenary.  
HYDRA-HEADED WORDS.—1. Clump, plump, slump. 2. Crawl, brawl, drawl. 3. Line, kine, pine. 4. Boon, soon, loon.  
HIDDEN RIVERS.—1. Nile. 2. Ohio. 3. Thames. 4. Don. 5. Hudson. 6. Missouri. 7. Delaware.

## THE BEACON

FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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